A GREAT ORATION.

Patrick Henry's Historical Speech in Philadelphia

That Secured the Signatures to the Declaration of American Independence.

THE following account of the proceedings of the convention that adopted the Declaration of Independence is taken from the Boston *Journal* of 1776. It was at this session that Patrick Henry, the fiery orator, made his immortal address, and which carried his hearers along the path of conviction until every one stood ready to sacrifice all that the colonies might be free from the hated yoke of England. The *Journal* says of this famous gathering:

It is the old hall of Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776. There is a silence in this hall; every face is stamped with a deep and awful responsibility!

Why turns every glance to that door? Why is it so terribly still?

The committee of three who have been out all night planning a parchment are about to appear. That parchment, with the signatures of these men, written with the pen lying on yonder table, may either make the world free, or stretch these necks on the gibbet yonder in potter's field, or nail these heads to the doorposts of these halls. That was the time for solemn faces and deep silence.

At last, hark! The door opens, the committee appears. Who are these men who come walking on to John Hancock's chair?

The tall man, with sharp features, the bold brow and sand-hued hair, holding the parchment, is the Virginia farmer, Thomas Jefferson. The stout-built man, with resolute look and sparkling eye—that is a Boston man, one John Adams. And the calm-faced man with hair dropping in thick curls to his shoulders, the one dressed in a plain coat and such odious home-made blue stockings—that is a Philadelphia printer, one Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table. The parchment is laid there. Shall it be signed or not?

Then ensues a high debate; then all the faint-hearted cringe in corners, while Thomas Jefferson speaks out his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul.

The soft-toned voice of Charles Carroll is heard undulating in syllables of deep music.

But still there is doubt, and that pale-faced man shrinking in one corner speaks out something about axes, scaffolds, and a—gibbet.

"Gibbet!" echoed a fierce bold tone, that startled men from their seats—and look yonder, a tall, slender form rises, dressed, although it is summer time, in a faded red cloak. Look how his white hand trembles, as it stretches slowly out; how that dark eye burns, while his words ring through the hall. It is Virginia's fiery orator, Patrick Henry.

Gibbet! They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold, every tree into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment can never die.

They may pour blood upon a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the ax, or drops on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr of freedom will spring into birth!

The British King may blot out the stars of God from his sky, but he cannot blot out the words written on the parchment there. The works of God may perish; His word, never!

These words will go forth to the world when our bones are dust. To the slave in bondage they will speak hope; to the mechanic in his workshop, freedom; to the coward kings these words will speak, but not in tones of flattery. They will speak like the flaming syllables on Belshazzar's wall: "The days of pride and glory are numbered! The days of judgment draw near!"

Yes, that parchment will speak to kings in language sad and terrible as the trumpet of the archangel. You have trampled on the rights of mankind long enough. At last, the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God, and called his judgment down. You have waded on the throne through seas of blood; you have trampled on the necks of millions; you have turned the poor man's sweat and blood into robes for your delicate forms; into crowns for your anointed brows. Now, kings! Now, purpled hangmen of the world! For you comes the day of axes, and gibbets and scaffolds; for you the wrath of man; for you the lightnings of God.

Look! How the light of your palaces on fire flashes up into the midnight air! Now, purpled hangmen of the world, turn and beg for mercy! Where will you find it? Not from God, for you have blasphemed His laws! Not from the people, for you stand baptized in their blood! Here you turn, and lo! a gibbet! There, and a scaffold stares you in the face! All around you—death—but nowhere pity! Now, executioners of the human race, kneel down; yes, kneel down on the sawdust of the scaffold; lay your purpled heads upon the block; bless the ax as it falls—the ax sharpened for the hangman's neck.

Such is the message of the declaration of the kings of the world. And shall we falter now? And shall we start back appalled when our free people press the very threshold of freedom? Do you see quailing faces around you when our wives have been butchered; when the hearthstones of our land are red with the blood of little children? What! Are there shrinking hearts or faltering voices here, when the very dead of our battlefields arise and call upon us to sign that parchment or be accursed?

Sign! If the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! If the next moment this hall rings with the echo of the falling ax. Sign! By all your hopes in life or death, as husbands, fathers—as men with our names to the parchment, or be accused forever!

Sign, not only for yourselves, but for all ages; for that parchment will be the text-book of freedom—the Bible of the rights of man forever.

Sign, for the declaration will go forth to American hearts like the voice of God. And its work will not be done until throughout this wide continent not a single inch of ground owns the sway of privilege of power.

Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise. It is truth. Your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. This continent is the property of a free people, and their property alone. God, I say, proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts suddenly transformed into the people. Look at this wonderful exodus of the old world into the new, where they came weak in arms, but mighty in god-like faith. Nay, look at the history of your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, where a band of plain farmers mocked and trampled down the panoply of British arms, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to be free. It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb the skies to pierce the councils of the Almighty one. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne. Methinks I see the recording angel—pale as angel is pale, weeping as an angel can weep—come trembling up to the throne, and speaking his dreadful message.

Father! The old world is baptized in blood. Father! It is drenched with the blood of millions who have been executed, in slow and grinding oppression. Father, look! With one glance of Thine eternal eye, look over Europe, Asia, Africa, and behold everywhere a terrible sight—man trodden down beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper hope to man.

He stands there (the angel), his hand trembling with the human guilt. But hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud: Let there be light again. Let there be a new world. Tell my people, the poor, downtrodden millions, to go out from the old world. Tell them to go out from wrong, oppression and blood. Tell them to go out from the old world to build up my altar in the new.

As God lives, my friends, I believe that to be his voice. Yes, were my soul trembling as the wing of eternity, were this hand freezing to death, were my voice choking with the last struggle, I would still, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember the truth. God has given America to be free. Yes, as I sank down into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last gasp I would beg you to sign that parchment. In the name of the One who made you, the Savior who redeemed you, in the name of the millions whose very breath is now hushed, as, in intense expectation, they look up to you for the awful words, YOU ARE FREE!

Many years have gone by since that hour. The speaker, his brethren, all have crumbled into dust, but the records of that hour still exist, and they tell us that it would require an angel's pen to picture the magic of that speaker's look, the terrible emphasis of his voice, the prophetic-like beckoning of his hand, the magnetic flames shooting from his eyes, that fired every heart throughout the hall. He fell exhausted in his seat, as the work was done. A wild murmur thrills through the hall. Sign? Ha! There is no doubt now. Look! How they rush forward! Stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his own name before the pen is grasped by another, another and another. Look how their names blaze on the parchment, Adams and Lee and Jefferson and Carroll, and now Roger Sherman, the shoemaker. And here comes good old Stephen Hopkins; yes, trembling with palsy, he totters forward, quivering from head to foot. With his shaking hand he seizes the pen and scratches his patriot name. Then comes Benjamin Franklin, the printer. And now the tall man in the red cloak advances—the man who made the fiery speech a moment ago. With the same hand that waved in fiery scorn, he writes his name—Patrick Henry.

And now the parchment is signed; and now let the word go forth to the people in the streets, to the homes of America, to the camp of Washington; to the palace of George, the idiot king; let the word go out to all the earth.

And, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm and grasp the iron tongue, and let the bell speak out the great truth.

Fifty-six farmers and mechanics have this day struck at the shackles of the world.

"IT WAS A GLORIOUS FOURTH."

DON'T be afraid of getting hurt on the glorious Fourth. Our fathers got hurt to produce the great day, and their children should keep on getting hurt to keep the day in all its pristine glory.

IT'S a good deal cheaper to celebrate the Fourth by shooting off one's mouth than firecrackers.

INDUSTRY has annexed thereto the fairest fruits and the richest rewards.—*Burrow.*

LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

An Indian Agent Tells a Tenderfoot About One of His Rather Tough Experiences.

The Big-Hearted Westerner Who Saved a Young Man from Being Cheated.

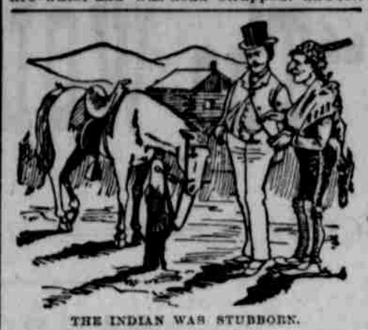
Shot and Robbed by the Savages—Hunting Rabbits in the Wild West.

"INDIANS are queer fish."

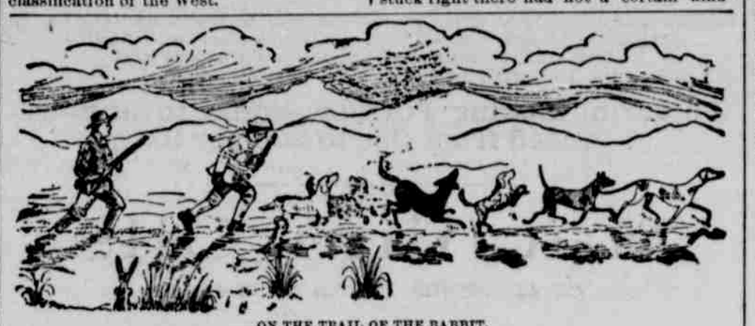
It was the agent who spoke. The agent was a thickset man, of middle height, with blonde beard, and with those mild blue eyes that one so often meets traveling in company with a huge "44" and an utter contempt for danger.

His name was in eminent keeping with his personality. It was Bilker. As he uttered the foregoing words he settled himself back more easily against a pile of corn sacks, gently shifted an enormous "chaw" to the other side of his head, kicked the store door to with one heavily booted foot, and prepared to entertain his audience.

The audience was composed of a single individual, a young fellow, who, although dressed with a careless disregard for either conventionality or fashion, still came under the head of "tenderfoot" in the impartial classification of the West.



THE INDIAN WAS STUBBORN.



ON THE TRAIL OF THE RABBIT.

"Indians are queer fish," repeated Bilker. "Why, now, look at them," and with a gesture he indicated a group of dusky braves lolling about the farther end of the dimly lighted agency, whose stolid, impassive faces betrayed no sign that they were conscious of being the subjects of discussion. "You would never guess that they would cut out your heart or mine with actual pleasure."

The audience glanced apprehensively over its shoulder.

"Oh, I've lived with them, man and boy, for thirty years," resumed the agent, "and I've good cause to know them if any one ever had. Do you see that scar on my wrist? And this other on my left hand?

"INDIANS ARE QUEER FISH."

And this bullet-hole in my arm? And beside them I've had two arrows stuck through my ribs, and once narrowly escaped losing my hair."

"How did you get all these scars?" queried the audience.

"Well, you see, it was this way; I used to trade with the up-river Indians—the Mandans, the Sissetons, and all that gang. One time I started out on a trading trip with a couple of whites along to help. We had a big wagon loaded with beads and trinkets—trash that we were going to exchange for furs. We had been out not quite a week when one night we camped on the bank of a little creek down in the bottom of a ravine. It began to grow dark. We were just sitting

A SHOWER OF ARROWS.

down around our fire, when whish! whirr! with a sound like the soft fall of a summer rain, came a perfect shower of arrows. I was struck again and again, but managed to get to the fire and kick it to pieces, so that the Indians should have no light to shoot by. Then jumping into the creek I ran down it a hundred feet and crawled in under the bank at a spot where it overhung. There I lay till morning with just my head out of water. I don't think I was ever so glad in my life to see day come.

"I crawled out, stiff with the wounds and cold, and reconnoitered our camp of the night before. It was a very sorry sight. The wagon was knocked all to bits. The Indians had wrenched most of the ironwork off and carried it away. They had cut the strings of beads and flung them far and wide. Everything that they did not want they had completely ruined. Of course our ponies were run off, and as I stood there in the growing light the thought came to me; how was I, in my wounded condition, ever to make the 150 miles between me and the nearest trading-post?"

"And how did you do it?" questioned the audience, eagerly.

"Stumbled on a pony they had overlooked, twisted a halter of grape-vine, and rode most of the way; finally fainted and rolled off, and was picked up and brought into camp by a chance wagon-train."

"And the other two men?"

"Both dead," said Bilker, calmly.

There was a little silence, broken only by the guttural undertones of the group in the background. And then the agent again spoke.

"Speaking of horses reminds me," said he, "of a tenderfoot that came through here on his way to the Hills. He wanted to buy a pony and saddle, and was willing to pay about $75 for the outfit. He was in here talking to me about it, when in stalked old Hochewashte, that disreputable-looking old fellow over there by the pork-barrel. Hochewashte had been monkeying with fire-water and was dead strapped, and felt obliged to sell off a pony or two to raise the wind. I explained to the tenderfoot that the Indian would sell him a pony, and then left them to do their own trading. The result was very funny. The white man asked: 'How much?' and the Indian said: 'Eighteen dollar.' Now, Hochewashte's early education in the English branches had been somewhat neglected, so he didn't say 'eighteen' very plainly, and our friend from the East thought he said 'eighty,' so he replied: 'Oh, no, that's too much; I'll give you $75.' This, of course, was Greek to the Indian, so he stubbornly repeated: 'Eighteen dollar! Eighteen dollar!' They might have stuck right there had not a certain kind-hearted white man—no, it wasn't me—interfered. He told the tenderfoot that if he tried to trade with the wily savage he was sure to get cheated, but that if he would only let him engineer the trade all would be well. The fellow consented and the big-hearted Westerner took the Indian outside and gave him $18. After a short time he returned and said: 'You see, that Indian is a scamp. If you had traded with him he would have done you out of your eye-teeth. But I know him. And, besides, he owes me money. Now, I got that pony so reasonable that I can let you have him for $60.' The money was gladly paid and the kind-hearted Westerner retired to meditate on his virtues."

"And you stood by and saw that done?" indignantly asked the audience.

"Why not?" inquired Bilker, stretching himself.

After a slight pause, during which Bilker replaced his "chaw" with a fresh one, he resumed: "You never went rabbit-shooting out here, did you? No? Well, then you ought to. It would make you laugh, I know. It does anyone at first. Willie—he's my boy: he's at school in the East now—he used to go with a young Indian. You know the Indians hunt on a dog-trot; they go on hour after hour with a shambling gait that carries them over the ground at a very good rate, and, really, once you get used to it it's not so hard as you might think. But Willie is rather fat and it comes hard on him.

"You've noticed what a lot of dogs there are around the agency, haven't you? There used to be more, but some of them got poisoned. Well, when they go after rabbits they take them all. It does make a queer sight—that procession of from eight to a dozen dogs, followed by a small Indian in four or five coats, with gum shoes over his buckskin leggins, and a stout stick to kill game with, and Willie bringing up the rear with much difficulty."

As Bilker concluded he rose, stretched himself, yawned once or twice softly, and began unbuckling his cartridge belt.

"Good-night to you," he said; "it's time to turn in."

The audience turned to go. The kerosene lamp on the counter was nearly burned out. The group of Indians passed noiselessly out of the door, and giving one look back into the dingy little room, with Bilker standing before the fire gazing at his revolver with meditative eye, the audience went out into the cold night.

Central American Governments.

Primarily, there are but two countries—Brazil and Guiana—in South and Central America which can be said to have settled political institutions, and there is but one—British Guiana—where the English language is spoken. All the States of Central America, Colombia, Equador, Venezuela, Bolivia, Peru and Uruguay are in a chronic state of revolution, and the Argentine Republic is but little better. In every one of these countries, including Brazil, society is in a very unsettled state and the laws cannot be said to afford any protection against usurpation and violence. There is not a republic among them which merits the name, for they are not governments of law, but of officials. In the Argentine Republic, where several colonies are to be established, the police commissary is a veritable despot, who generally does just what he pleases. It is a common thing for men to be thrown into prison for months, and even years, without warrant or trial; and it is almost an unknown occurrence for a poor man to appeal against their exactions and arbitrary acts. In Brazil, the police delegates are quite as despotic and irresistible.—*Rio de Janeiro News.*

Hippocrates and Artaxerxes.

Hippocrates, the celebrated physician, having cured the monarch Artaxerxes of a Persian ague, the grateful king sent him an embassy with rich presents. These the physician declined contemptuously, and the ambassadors were fain to return to the Persian court, were they reported that the mighty healer had refused any payment whatever.

"Not he? They didn't derive hippocrasy from his name for nothing!" remarked the king, who, though illiterate, was possessed of much natural shrewdness. "He means to make out that his mental anxiety and loss of practice entitle him to a large sum; but I will see to that."

And he appointed a commission to audit the bills, placing at its disposal for all contingencies one-half of the presents.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Budget of Breezy Gossip Relating Exclusively to the Fair Sex.

Accompanied by Some Notes on the Ever Changing Styles in Feminine Attire.

[SPECIAL NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

She was a buttermilk-maid at a garden party for sweet charity's sake. She was an idealization of the rural original. There was no tan on her face, nor a fleck of barnyard dust on her toilet. She sold buttermilk at ten cents a glass as fast as she could use a ladle with her gloved hands. A few soft words and a roguish glance went with each glass without extra charge. On her head was a hat of a shape that a real milkmaid might have worn, only in this instance the leghorn material had cost five or six dollars, and a bunch of fine white ostrich plumes added as much more to the toilet. The kerchief which was brought around her shoulders and crossed over her breast suggested country simplicity, if the observer was not expert enough to know that the lace-edged article was worth fifty dollars at a moderate valuation. The gloves were of the daintiest silk, and she was spoiling them in doing that one afternoon's duty with buttermilk. They were light violet in color and in perfume. It is a whim of the season to scent such gloves with the appropriate odor. The apron had been made for the occasion, of the same material as the kerchief, and, like the gloves, was being ruined by spatters of buttermilk. I reckoned that the service she was performing would cost her about fifteen dollars in perishable material, and, considering that fact, who shall say that the beverage she dispensed was dear at a dime a glass, notwithstanding

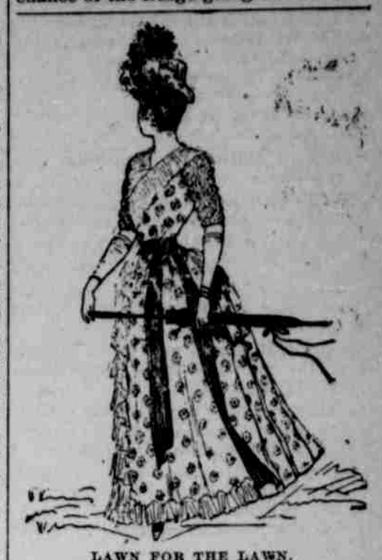
A BUTTERMILKMAID.

the same fluid can be bought in the streets for three cents?

Wash goods that can't be washed are a feature of the season, especially in toilets to be worn at the summer resorts. The wealthy belle aims at a sort of simplicity that cannot be cheap. Her lawn gown for the lawn may be made of a figured fabric quite within the reach of a shop girl, but she trims it so daintily and expensively with lace that the aggregate value makes it exclusive to the richly endowed belles. Moreover, the embellishments are of such a texture that they would be ruined by the wash-tub, and so the comparatively cheap lawn is worn only until soiled, and then thrown away, while the owner thinks she is making a concession to economy by having the lace transferred to another dress of the same kind.

A beach promenader is apt to carry a muslin parasol, and this may be trimmed with crepe lisse in overlying sections, producing a soft and feathery effect. Makers of parasols have taxed their ingenuity to produce novelties, and these usually take the form of embroidered muslin, white being the popular color. It is a unique fashion for the present summer to have a set of covers for parasols made detachable, and to match the various toilets with which the sunshade is to be carried. The form has an elaborate handle, either of modeled silver or gold, or carved ivory or shell, and these exquisitely and artistically embellished handles cost almost any price that anybody feels like paying, for they are sometimes set with jewels, besides representing a great deal of skilled handiwork. A handsome handle and form, with a set of twelve assorted covers, may easily cost one hundred dollars, although half that sum will buy a tolerable outfit. If the belle desires to be further extravagant, she may have as many handles as covers, and prove that they are inseparable by painting the former in enamel of colors and designs to match the latter. It is not often that the useful is combined with the ornamental where dress novelties are concerned, but I have just seen some new parasol handles which really do serve a purpose other than providing their owners with a formidable weapon. The knobs at the ends of these new sunshades are in the form of muzzled dogs' heads of various breeds, and upon touching a conveniently placed spring the muzzle opens and discloses a safe receptacle for any small article, such as a railway ticket, a tiny scent bottle, or even a few stray silver coins and unwieldy coppers.

"Only a woman's hair" has been the subject of many a tender poem, and Pope himself tells us that "beauty draws us with a single hair." The Japanese have improved upon the little lame man of Twitham. They are making ropes of women's hair—a ton of this material having been used in building a Buddhist temple at Kioto. If they had left it on the heads of pretty women and induced them to go to this temple they would have found them a greater attraction than the whole ton of ropes, without the women, could ever be. A radical change in an accepted style of coiffure is always a matter of slow growth, but there is at last a chance of the fringe going out of fash-



LAWN FOR THE LAWN.

ion. The number of ladies who turn their hair up from the forehead is daily increasing. The hair in front is arranged in rolls, waved or slightly curled, and the back is either plaited or turned up to meet the front part. This innovation of bare foreheads is all well enough for women with low or only moderately high brows, but the real intellectual forehead is unfeminine, no matter what may be said of it as indicative of brain inside. If the hair grows evenly and rather low, and especially if it have a natural kinkiness, it can be becomingly brushed back; but seventy in a hundred women cannot afford to take away a shading of hair from above their faces, and so the majority of us will struggle for another summer to keep our bangs crimped in spite of the straightening humidity of seashore atmosphere.

Millinery grows to great dimensions under the summer sun, and hats which would be outlandish in the cities are reasonably picturesque in the country. Still, it will be seen that there is more of ornate shapeliness than usual, mere expansiveness of brim being less a feature than hitherto. I had a talk with an artist to-day about big hats. Said he: "It is a mistake to condemn them, if they be worn with artistic taste. The fundamental rule to be kept in mind in wearing a very big hat is to make that article appear as something separate from the individual. What I mean is, that when hat, hair, veil, etc., form one mingled mass, that makes the girl seem to have an enormous bulk of head, and a veritable monster is produced. But if such a hat rests on a symmetrical and simple head, it looks like a separate affair and is usually becoming." Another thing that he said was: "Why don't you publish a good sound doctrine about the wearing of veils in summer? Belles desirous of protecting their complexion from tan and freckles, or aiming to conceal imperfections of that sort, often hang a veil from hair to chin. Now, that may be well enough, so far as enhancing the beauty of complexion is concerned, but the trouble is that it hides the eyes, and thus robs a face of much expression. What do I propose? Why, I would have you wear your veils harem fashion, coming up to the eyes but not

A BEACH PROMENADER.

covering them. There never was a pair of unpresentable eyes, unless marred by accident or natural defect, and so why cover them? Let any girl try the experiment of a veil worn Turkish fashion and see if she doesn't multiply her powers of attraction."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Fashion Fripperies.

ALPACA is much worn again.

RUSH shade hats are thought stylish.

WHITE moire is popular for wedding gowns.

LONG white plumes ornament summer hats.

COPPER trimmings adorn new dresses of white wool.

CHATELAINES of coin silver are worn with tea gowns.

GREAT latitude is allowed in the arrangement of skirt draperies.

A WHITE pilot-cloth jacket is a dainty and useful addition to a summer wardrobe.

SUMMER tea gowns are made of India mull, white, pink or pale blue, exquisitely embroidered.

PERISHABLE bonnets of natural roses are the latest fancy for bridesmaids at summer weddings.

LACE dresses are now shown in moss green, gobelin blue and cardinal, as well as in black and white.

FASHION prophets declare that silk is again to become generally worn, and that wool goods are to retire into comparative obscurity.